

LIBRETTO
of
The Maid and the Middy

An Operetta in Two Acts

By
DAVID STEVENS

Music by
GEORGE LOWELL TRACY



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THE STORY

ACT I

THE occasion is the annual regatta of the Lakeville Boat Club, made unusually gay by the presence, as guests, of CAPTAIN DASHER of the U. S. S. "Dreadnaught" and a number of his Mid-dies. Among the latter is BILLY, a vivacious youth who very soon gets into the good graces of VALERIE VANE and seems to be in a fair way to become generally popular, when the appearance of the COUNT somewhat clouds his prospects. The COUNT disturbs MRS. GAILY and DAWSON, influ-ent members of the Club, by making charges against BILLY involving what appears to be a case of abduction of a certain mysterious ANITA, evidently of Spanish origin. Circumstances prevent the COUNT from immediately confronting BILLY, who, it must be confessed, lends some color to the accusation by studiously avoiding the COUNT. But event-ually the latter arouses the suspicions of EVANS and FITZ, two officials of the Club, who undertake to look into the matter. Meanwhile the regatta has taken place, and a general assembly of all the party to con-gratulate VALERIE, the unexpected winner of the race, affords at last an opportunity for the COUNT to denounce BILLY, which he is not slow to embrace. BILLY tries to defend himself and promises an explana-tion, but sentiment is against him and the scene closes with a display of bravado from BILLY and a feeling of distrust on the part of his new ac-quaintances, not to mention the downright sorrow freely expressed by VALERIE.

ACT II

BILLY's affairs, however, are not permitted to disturb the plans that have been made for entertaining CAPTAIN DASHER and the other guests. A Vaudeville has been arranged for the evening and under the capable direction of EVANS, is carried through with success. Mean-while, VALERIE, who has apparently reflected on BILLY's predicament and decided that the matter cannot be so serious as it has been rep-resented, shows a tendency to put more faith in him than the others do and even goes so far as to disguise herself as a Spanish senorita with the idea of having some harmless amusement with BILLY. She deceives her friends by the disguise, but BILLY detects her at once and they come to an understanding by which he is to be fully restored to favor if he will explain the mystery of ANITA. This he promises to do and after various encounters with MRS. GAILY, DAWSON and others, all curious to know his secret which, to tell the truth, he has somewhat maliciously withheld, he finally produces ANITA, who immediately explains herself and is turned over to the COUNT in order to insure cordial feeling by all concerned. BILLY is forgiven and all ends well, as usual.

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THE MAID AND THE MIDDY

CHARACTERS

BILLY	The Middy; Attached to The "DREADNAUGHT."
DAWSON	A Retired Farmer.
THE COUNT	A Spanish Gentleman.
EVANS	Master of Ceremonies; Lakeville Boat Club.
FITZ	Of the House Committee; Lakeville Boat Club.
CAPTAIN DASHER	In Command of The "DREADNAUGHT."
BOUNDER	Of the Lakeville Boat Club; Champion Oarsman.
YOUNG SLIMSON	Also of the L. B. C. "The Great Unknown."
ATTENDANT	Of L. B. C.
VALERIE VANE	The Maid.
MRS. GAILY	An Attractive Widow.
ALICE	Friends of VALERIE.
MAUD	
PHILLIS	
ANITA	The Mysterious Cause of the Trouble.

Maids; Middies; Young Men; Children of the Snow;
Liberty Battalion, etc.

SCENES

ACT I.	Grounds of the Lakeville Boat Club.
ACT II.	Interior of the Club House.

Time of Performance, one hour and a half.

THE MAID AND THE MIDDY

ACT I

SCENE: *Grounds of the Lakeville Boat Club. A wooded exterior, showing an entrance to a Club house at Right.*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN, a group of Girls are seen, headed by ALICE, MAUD and PHILLIS. During the opening chorus, Young Men enter as indicated in the vocal score.

NO. 1. ENSEMBLE: *Of an Afternoon in the Month of June.*

(GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN.)

GIRLS.

Of an afternoon
In the month of June,
'Tis agreeable to engage
In aquatic sport
At a club resort
Under suitable patronage.
For the atmosphere
And surroundings here,
Though properly orthodox,
Give us just the chance
Our charms to enhance
With our very becomingest frocks.

ALICE.

But an afternoon
In the month of June,
No matter how fair it be,
Is a wasted day
When our frocks are gay
If there's nobody here to see!

(*The Young Men enter.*)

MEN.

'Tis a pleasure rare,
As we all declare,
Leaving ev'ryday cares behind,
In the sylvan grove,
As we idly rove,
Such agreeable girls to find.

This is just the place
For a boating race,
And the sky above is blue;
We're on pleasure bent,
So, with your consent,
We will spend the day with you.

(They join the girls.)

ALL.

Of an afternoon
In the month of June,
'Tis agreeable to engage
In aquatic sport
At a club resort
Under suitable patronage.
For the atmosphere
And surroundings here,
Though properly orthodox,
Give us (you) just the chance
Our (your) charms to enhance
With our (your) very becomingest frocks.

(A dance follows, at the conclusion of which the chorus is grouped at the centre for the purpose of concealing BOUNDER, who has entered unseen toward the close of the dance.)

ALICE. What a beautiful day for the regatta! I wonder who is going to row?

(The crowd separates, disclosing BOUNDER. He is attired in boating costume, jersey, etc., and should be made up to represent an exaggerated type of oarsman, enormous chest and biceps, the front of his jersey covered with medals.)

BOUNDER. I am! *(Sensation.)*

ALICE. Of course, Mr. Bounder, we know you are going to row, and — ah — naturally, win.

BOUNDER *(taking a pose)*. That's the idea!

MAUD. But who rows against you?

BOUNDER *(scornfully, taking another pose)*. I don't know. What difference does that make?

PHILLIS. Of course; you'll win anyway.

BOUNDER *(complacently)*. That's the idea!

ALICE *(to the others)*. Isn't he great!

OMNES. Great!

BOUNDER. That's the idea!

(He is delighted and takes a series of poses calculated to display muscular development. The Girls crowd round him, while he preserves a haughty reserve. The Young Men, left to themselves, show signs of annoyance and group themselves up stage at R.)

ALICE. They call your competitor "The Great Unknown."

BOUNDER *(loftily)*. Very likely.

MAUD. And you're not afraid?

BOUNDER. Afraid! Hah!

PHILLIS. Isn't he grand!

OMNES. Grand!

BOUNDER. That's the i —

(Furious barking of a dog is heard, off stage. All start.)

VOICE *(off)*. Here! Stop that! Stop that!

(The barking is renewed; YOUNG SLIMSON appears at entrance R., backing on to the stage. He has an oar in his hands with which he is apparently defending himself against attack of a dog off stage. He is a thin young man, dressed in a boating costume designed to accentuate his thinness. He wears large horn-rimmed spectacles and is a complete contrast, physically, to BOUNDER. As he gets on to the scene the dog is heard receding. SLIMSON takes a tragic pose supported by the oar.)

SLIMSON *(despondently)*. The dogs bark at me!

ALICE. Why, it's young Mr. Slimson.

SLIMSON *(posing)*. Otherwise known as "The Great Unknown!"

BOUNDER. Hah!

(The Young Men crowd round SLIMSON and take him up stage at R. The Girls surround BOUNDER at L. Enter FITZ followed by EVANS.)

FITZ *(expostulating)*. Don't hurry me so!

EVANS. You've got to hustle. Those naval officers are coming to lunch —

GIRLS *(in unison)*. Naval officers!

(They abruptly leave BOUNDER and surround EVANS at L.)

YOUNG MEN. Lunch!

(They leave SLIMSON and come down to FITZ at R. BOUNDER and SLIMSON deserted, stand posing at R. and L., respectively, very much surprised.)

EVANS. The Captain and Middies of the "Dreadnaught" are coming to lunch today. I invited them.

GIRLS. How lovely!

FITZ. And *I've* got to feed them!

GIRLS. Of course!

BOUNDER (*impressively from his position at L.*) I hope it is understood that I am champion sculler of the Lakeville Boat Club.

(*The girls glance indifferently in his direction, then turn to EVANS.*)

ALICE. How many officers did you say?

SLIMSON (*trying to attract attention*). And I am "The Great Unknown."

MEN (*disregarding SLIMSON*). What was that you said about lunch?

(*The Girls and Men crowd round EVANS and FITZ, one group at each side of stage, leaving the centre clear. BOUNDER and SLIMSON start as though insulted, look at each other and then advance down the stage at centre.*)

BOUNDER (*to SLIMSON*). They've shaken us!

SLIMSON. We're shook!

BOUNDER. Shake!

(*They clasp hands and exeunt, arm in arm. The others watch their departure with amusement.*)

ALICE (*imitating BOUNDER*). That's the idea!

(*All laugh.*)

EVANS. It's a great day! Besides the naval men, there'll be Mr. Dawson—

MAUD. The rich farmer!

EVANS. And Valerie Vane.

MAUD. The rich heiress!

FITZ. And Mrs. Gaily!

GIRLS. Oh! Yes!

FITZ (*with emotion*). The charming widow!

OMNES (*all shaking fingers at him*). Ah, Fizzie!

(*He affects confusion. The report of a cannon is heard.*)

EVANS (*excited*). The Captain is coming! That's his salute.

ALICE. One gun? I thought a Captain was entitled to a *lot* of guns.

EVANS. He is; but we've got only one.

(*Introduction to next song begins, during which the MIDDIES enter, followed by DASHER.*)

NO. 2. SONG AND CHORUS: *A Gay Sea Dog.*

(DASHER AND CHORUS.)

DASHER.

I'm a sailor free
As you plainly see,
And I plough the raging main;
I am bluff and gruff
And inclined to be rough,
And perhaps I give you pain.
But I'm harmless, quite,
For my heart is right,
And I never would hurt a fly,
But when I'm on land,
I'm in great demand,
Observe and I'll tell you why:

Refrain

DASHER.

I'm a gay sea dog!

CHORUS.

He's a gay sea dog!

DASHER.

Wherever I go I raise a breeze,
Whatever I do, I'm sure to please;
I'm a gay sea dog!

CHORUS.

He's a gay sea dog!

DASHER.

And when he's ashore,
They all adore
A sailor!

CHORUS.

He's a gay sea dog!

DASHER.

I'm a gay sea dog!

CHORUS.

Wherever he goes, he'll raise a breeze,
Whatever he does, he's sure to please;
He's a gay sea dog!

DASHER.

Such a gay sea dog!

CHORUS.

When he's ashore

We all adore

A sailor!

II.

DASHER.

On the foreign shore

Where I've been before,

There's a welcome waits for me;

For whate'er the name,

They are ever the same

To the lads that sail the sea.

Tho' I may be bluff,

And my manner gruff,

I can never be caught asleep,

I'm down in the log

As a gay sea dog,

And the title I mean to keep!

(The refrain is repeated as before, followed by a dance. DASHER is a languid gentleman, in notable contrast to the character he ascribes to himself in his song, and as soon as the dance is over he assumes a bored demeanor.)

EVANS. Delighted to see you, Captain.

(The Middies pair off with the Girls, who leave the Young Men without ceremony in favor of the uniform.)

DASHER. Aw—thanks. *(He looks about as though in search of someone.)*

I understood—aw—that Miss Vane was to be here.

ALICE *(coming forward)*. She'll be here presently. Meanwhile, can't we amuse you? We know lots of games.

DASHER *(languidly)*. Aw—thanks; I don't play games.

FITZ. We've arranged a boat-race for you, Captain; and a vaudeville for this evening.

DASHER. Aw—capital. *(To ALICE.)* Shall we—aw—stroll?

(He and ALICE move up stage together.)

FITZ *(anxiously, looking at his watch)*. Mrs. Gaily hasn't come yet.

MAUD. She's driving over in her car.

Auto horn *(off)*. Toot! Toot!

MAUD. That's Mrs. Gaily!

Auto horn *(off)*. Toot! Toot!

MRS. GAILY (*off*). All right, James. Put up the car and get your lunch.

Auto horn (*off*). Toot! Toot!

(MRS. GAILY *enters very breezily. She is a vivacious lady, youthful, with a smile and pleasant word for everybody, and talks easily.*)

MRS. GAILY (*to EVANS*). Howdy, Commodore! Came over in seven minutes. (*Sees DASHER.*) Dear me, Captain DASHER! (*She shakes her finger at him.*) Naughty man! To leave me at the garden party yesterday—stuck with Mr. Fitz—(*She sees FITZ for the first time*)—Ah, Mr. FITZ! I didn't see you. I was just saying how *struck* I was with you at the garden party. (*Fans herself.*) Dear me! Isn't it warm!

DASHER. Aw—seasonable—seasonable.

MRS. GAILY. Exactly; seasonable. And the nicest season of all—summer, what?

DASHER. Well, I don't know—

MRS. GAILY. Oh, yes you do. Summer—beautiful summer! I wish it were summer the whole year round!

DASHER. But why?

MRS. GAILY (*confidentially*). Well, to tell the honest truth, Captain, I can't do a thing with my hair in the winter!

No. 3. SONG: *Summer*.

(MRS. GAILY AND CHORUS.)

MRS. GAILY.

There are seasons four that make the total of the year,
And ev'ry season seems the best of seasons while it's here;
The poets sing of springtime and of winter and of fall,
But the sweetest songs are those about the summer, best of all!

Refrain.

MRS. GAILY.

Life is fair in the May-time
And lovely is the June;
And that is true
Of the autumn, too,
When shines the harvest-moon.
Old winter is a play-time,
With sleigh-bell's merry din,
But hearts are light
When summer bright
Comes gaily tripping in!

(*The Chorus repeat refrain.*)

II.

MRS. GAILY.

April show'rs are very nice, but also very wet;
The autumn chestnut in its burr, is difficult to get;
A sleigh-ride, when it's ten below, is rather doubtful bliss,
But what could be completer than a summer day like this?

(The refrain is repeated by MRS. GAILY and chorus and all exeunt. Then follows the "Dance of the Summer Hours," at the conclusion of which the dancers exeunt. Laughter and chattering are heard and the girls re-enter, escorting VALERIE. The latter is in boating-costume, sailor collar, etc.)

VALERIE. Am I late?

ALICE. Not *too* late—the Middies are still here.

VALERIE. The Middies?

MAUD. Middies—in uniform—lovely!

VALERIE. A uniform has no charms for me.

MAUD. But you haven't seen *these* uniforms.

PHILLIS. There's a Captain, too.

VALERIE. Oh, I know *him*. (*Imitates DASHER.*) Aw—really—yes, indeed. Where are these Middies?

ALICE. They're looking for Billy.

VALERIE. Who is Billy?

ALICE. He's one of the Middies—and he's lost.

VALERIE. Lost! Dear me, I didn't suppose you could lose a Middy.

MAUD. *We* didn't lose him—they lost him.

VALERIE. Well, let them find him, then; *I'm* not going to.

ALICE (*pointing off*). See! They're starting the races!

ALL THE GIRLS. A race! A race!

(They all run off just as BILLY comes on from the opposite side. BILLY is a Middy with a good deal of assurance and good-nature.)

BILLY (*looking after the girls*). Girls! And they're running away from me. Everybody told me that when I got ashore the girls would run *after* me.

(VALERIE re-enters, apparently looking for something on the ground. She pretends not to be aware of BILLY.)

VALERIE. I must have dropped it here.

BILLY. Excuse me. Lost something?

VALERIE (*starting as though surprised*). Oh, I didn't see you.

BILLY. I saw you—running away. My name is Billy.

VALERIE. Then you're The Lost Middy! And I found you, after all.

BILLY. Well, now you've found me, what are you going to do about it?
Advertise?

VALERIE. Not a bad idea. "Found: one Middy; medium height—
er—"

BILLY (*promptly*). "Very handsome and valuable!"

VALERIE. Wait a moment. Who's doing this advertising?

BILLY. I want to have it right.

VALERIE. "Plain—but—er—healthy. Answers to the name of Billy."

BILLY. Bow-wow! I'll tell you what!

VALERIE. Well, what?

BILLY. Just add: "Finder would like to keep."

VALERIE. No, indeed! I'll say: "If not claimed in five minutes,
finder will lose him again!"

BILLY. Five minutes are better than nothing—when I have only a
half a day ashore.

VALERIE. Only half a day?

BILLY. That's all; then off to sea again.

VALERIE. Do you have to go to sea?

BILLY. Of course; otherwise I'd never get a half a day ashore.

No. 4. DUET: *Blow, Winds, Blow!*

(VALERIE AND BILLY.)

BILLY.

Oh, they sing of a life at sea,
With the salt wind blowing free,
And the waters blue
And a lively crew,
But that's very old to me.
The winds and the waves that roar
Would be such a tiresome bore,
If they didn't let
Us Middies get
An occasional day ashore.

Refrain.

BILLY.

Blow, winds, blow,
As you never have blown before,
And blow us straight
To the maids that wait
For the Middies to come ashore!

BOTH.

Blow, winds, blow,
As you never have blown before,
And blow us (them) straight
To the maids that wait
For the Middies to come ashore!

VALERIE.

Oh, it certainly seems to me
Although you are long at sea,
That you understand,
When you strike the land,
That a one and a two make three.
The sea is a tiresome bore,
A fact that we all deplore,
But the truth is flat;
If it weren't for that,
You always would be ashore!

(They repeat the refrain as before. A dance and exeunt.)

Enter DAWSON, mopping his forehead with a bandanna handkerchief.)

DAWSON. Ginger! but it's hot! *(Surveys the place.)* Lakeville Boat Club. Pretty high-toned for a farmer; but since I got rich, I'm a gentleman farmer, so *that's* all right.

(Voices are heard, off, in altercation, then enter COUNT GRANADOS, followed by CLUB ATTENDANT, expostulating.)

(The COUNT is an excitable gentleman, dressed in a foreign fashion, with a tall hat.)

COUNT. But yes, I tell you! I have ze invite—I have him— *(feels in his pockets)*—in a plaze—I know not!

ATTENDANT. Orders not to admit anybody without a card.

COUNT *(appealing to DAWSON)*. Ah, senor! You witness deze out-r-r-rage! I, Count Granados, Spanish nobleman, have ze invite to deze boatriss, an' deze man say I cannot enter! What you say? *What?*

(He utters the last word very explosively and DAWSON jumps.)

DAWSON. Hold your horses! I haven't said *anything* yet.

COUNT. Why do you not, then? Why do you not? *What?*

(Same business.)

DAWSON. Look here, you mustn't do that. *(He imitates the COUNT's manner.)* WHAT! *(COUNT jumps.)* Well, how do you like it?

COUNT. But deze man r-r-r-refuse me entrance!

DAWSON. Well, I don't blame him; but I guess it's all right, sonny. *(Speaking to ATTENDANT.)* I'll take care of the gentleman.

ATTENDANT *(touching his cap)*. Very good sir. *(Exit.)*

COUNT. Ah, senor! You save my life!

DAWSON. That's good. I didn't get your name.

COUNT *(with immense manner)*. Count Fernandez y Granados y Fumeroso, Grandee of Spain!

DAWSON. That sounds like a perfectly good name; what does it mean?

COUNT. I search for a young middie they call Billee.

DAWSON. Friend of yours?

COUNT. Fr-r-riend! Not so! An enemy! Very dangerous! He have my beautiful Anita!

DAWSON. Who's your beautiful Anita?

COUNT. She is not yet mine, but I am resolve to have her! I follow Billee from Spain. He shall give her up! You will help me find her!

DAWSON. Well, no; I haven't lost her. But I wish you luck. Better try the Club house.

COUNT. Ah, senor, gr-r-r-razia! gr-r-r-razia! *(He removes his hat with a flourish and a card falls out. The COUNT seizes it with delight.)*

Ah-h-h-h! ze card! *(He waves it in the air dramatically.)* Ze invite! I go to find ze Billee! I will cr-r-r-rush heem! *(He runs off.)*

DAWSON. Nice pleasant chap.

(Girls voices are heard off stage. Enter ALICE, MAUD and PHILLIS with the MIDDIES.)

ALICE. Oh, Mr. Dawson! Just in time for the last race. Mr. Bounder and the "Great Unknown."

DAWSON. How-de-do, ladies! Hope I see you well.

MAUD. How nice of you to come.

DAWSON. I have to get off the farm once in a while.

PHILLIS. And how is the farm?

DAWSON. Fine! I've got a great garden this year.

ALICE. Splendid!

DAWSON. Yes, indeed. I've got beets that can't be beat and onions that would make you cry like a child.

(The others all laugh to humor him.)

ALICE. Isn't he funny!

DAWSON. And I've had my celery raised! *(Chuckles.)* Pretty good for a farmer. Had my celery raised!

MAUD. Isn't he funny!

(All Laugh.)

DAWSON. Pretty good. I just thought of that, right off the bat.

ALICE. Were you always a farmer, Mr. Dawson?

DAWSON. Yes, oh-h-h, yes. Ever since I was born. But farming ain't what it used to be.

No. 5. SONG: *Too-ral-loo-ral!*

(DAWSON AND CHORUS.)

DAWSON.

When I was a bright young lad so tall,
I worked from spring to the early fall,
And then, to make it an even thing,
I worked from fall to the early spring.
In summer time I raked the hay,
In winter stacked the wood away;
In the spring I'd plough, in the fall I'd reap,
And once in a while I'd get some sleep!

Refrain.

DAWSON.

Sing Too-ral-loo-ral-loo-ral-loo!
Sing hay! for the son of the soil;
But I made it pay
When I traded hay
For stock in the Standard Oil!

(CHORUS.)

Sing Too-ral-loo-ral-loo-ral-loo!
Sing hay! for the son of the soil:
For he made it pay
When he traded hay
For stock in the Standard Oil!

II.

DAWSON.

But that was a farm of the good old style,
And now they've got it beat a mile;
They do the work with gasoline,
And the help ride round in a limousine.
The farmer never borrows now,
In fact, he has forgotten how;
He just sits up on a golden throne
And puts his cash in a Liberty Loan!

Refrain.

DAWSON.

Sing Too-ral-loo-ral-loo-ral-loo!
His farm he can call his own;
And he's quite content
With the four per cent
He gets on the Liberty Loan!

(Chorus repeat refrain, as before. Dance and exeunt. As the stage clears, MRS. GAILY and the COUNT enter.)

MRS. GAILY. Ah, Count, anyone could tell you were a nobleman by your manner. You have the *air*.

COUNT. True, senora, I take ze air. *(Waves his hand.)* Most fine air. I would like also to take ze—ah—loonch.

MRS. GAILY. Directly, Count, we'll have the loonch—I mean lunch. How do you like America?

COUNT. America! Ah, beautiful!

MRS. GAILY. If you stay as long as a week, you'll write a book about us, I suppose?

COUNT. Posseebly; but first I must find ze Billee!

MRS. GAILY. Billee?

COUNT. Ze Middee! Ze villain!

MRS. GAILY. Villain? What has he done?

COUNT. He r-r-r-rob me!

MRS. GAILY. Robbed you? How dreadful! Did he take your purse?

COUNT. My purse—no, no! My Anita!

MRS. GAILY. Your Anita! That sounds perfectly awful!

COUNT. It is pairfectly awful. My Anita! And she was just beginning to talk!

MRS. GAILY. Then Anita is very young?

COUNT. Young? Oh, no. They live to a g-r-r-eat age, you know.
Feefty—a hundred—I don't know.

MRS. GAILY. Fifty! A hundred! Bless me! She must be remarkable.

COUNT. Remairkable! Ah! And *such* colors! Green—red—yellow! Lovely!

MRS. GAILY. My dear Count, let's talk about something else. I'm afraid I do not quite get the Spanish point of view of loveliness.

COUNT. Veree good. We will search for Billee.

MRS. GAILY (*going with him toward exit*). And incidentally—some lunch.

COUNT (*at exit*). Ah, yes; ze lconch—ze loonch!

(*They exeunt and the music begins for the next number. Enter Octet of MAIDS and MIDDIES.*)

No. 6. OCTET: *A Wayside Meeting.*

(MAIDS AND MIDDIES.)

MIDDIES.

The afternoon is very fine,
The scene is most inviting;

MAIDS.

You're really very good to say so,
We're glad you like our little water view;

MIDDIES.

We find it irresistible,
With other charms uniting.

(*They bow politely.*)

MAIDS.

What shall we do to entertain you?
For we suppose we are expected to.

MIDDIES.

Perhaps you're fond of dancing?
That would suit us all—our time is free;

MAIDS.

Your plan is quite entrancing,
So say the word what shall it be?

Refrain.

ALL.

Oh, be it waltz or rigadoon,
Or minuet or polka,
Just let them play a pretty tune,
And we will do the rest!

(*They dance and exeunt. Enter EVANS, FITZ and COUNT.*)

EVANS (*to COUNT*). Look here, sir, what is all this about Billy? You talk as though he were a criminal.

FITZ. Yes, we want to understand. The Middies are our guests, you know, and if one of them has done anything wrong—

COUNT. Wrong! Wrong! What you think? Billee have rob me of my Anita!

EVANS. That certainly sounds serious.

FITZ. When did this happen?

COUNT. Billee he sail on hees ship to Spain—he see Anita—hear her talk—I almost have her—and Billee he come and—a-a-a-h! he take her away!

EVANS. Well, well!

FITZ. Well, well!

COUNT. Well, well! What you mean? It is not well!

EVANS. I suppose we'll have to help the Count catch Billy.

FITZ. He seems pretty hard to catch.

FITZ. He can't escape us here. We'll go in different directions—stealthily—(*business of stealing about, mysteriously*)—silently—then we will gradually come together—(*they approach each other*)—get him in a corner and—*nab* him! (*Pantomime of seizing a prisoner.*)

NO. 7. TRIO: *Looking for a Criminal.*

EVANS, FITZ AND COUNT.)

EVANS.

If this lad has done a thing he'd better not,

FITZ.

It is clear that he is due to get it hot,

COUNT.

For before he leaves the town,
We'll proceed to run him down,

EVANS AND FITZ.

And incarcerate the villain on the spot!

EVANS.

If we chance to be mistaken in the game

FITZ.

Then of course the crazy Spaniard is to blame;

COUNT.

It will be a bitter blow
If we have to let him go,

ALL.

But we'll fine him twenty dollars just the same!

ALL.

We're looking for a criminal,
No matter what the crime,
When we seize him thus:
He must come along with us,
And he'll soon be doing time.

II.

EVANS.

If our right to run him in he should deny,

FITZ.

And should struggle, we will hit him in the eye;

COUNT.

But suppose when we attack,
He should turn and hit us back?

EVANS AND FITZ.

On the courage of a Spaniard we rely.

EVANS.

We will very soon be hot upon his trail,

FITZ.

And tonight we'll have him in the County jail,

COUNT.

We will lock him good and tight,
Keep him safely over night,

ALL.

In the morning we will make him furnish bail.

(Refrain as before; mysterious dance and exeunt.)

As the stage clears, BILLY enters, looking cautiously about; at the same moment DAWSON enters from the opposite side.)

DAWSON. Oh, I say, you're Billy, aren't you?

BILLY *(giving a sailor hitch)*. Right-o, my hearty!

DAWSON *(sailor hitch, imitating BILLY)*. Same to you and many of them. There's a foreign Count looking for you.

BILLY. Yes, I gathered that.

DAWSON. He wants Anita.

BILLY. Oh, he does. Well, he won't get her. He hasn't got money enough.

DAWSON *(aghast)*. Money enough! Do you mean to tell me—

BILLY. I don't mean to tell you anything; it's none of your business.

DAWSON. I *know* it isn't; that's why I'm so interested.

(Voice of COUNT heard off.)

COUNT *(off)*. Billee! I want that Billee!

BILLY. Here he comes again; I'm off!

(BILLY exits hastily, as the COUNT enters from the opposite side.)

COUNT *(excited)*. Where is Billee?

DAWSON. He went that way. Look here, who is this Anita?

COUNT. Don't stop me! Don't stop me!

(COUNT rushes off after BILLY.)

DAWSON. That man makes more noise than a silent partner.

(Enter ALICE, MAUD and PHILLIS.)

ALICE. They've started the last race. Come on, girls, we're late!

MAUD. They say there's been a new entry at the last minute.

PHILLIS. Who?

MAUD. Nobody knows. *(Points off.)* Look! They're almost in!

ALICE. Come on! Hurray!

(ALICE, MAUD and PHILLIS scamper off; BILLY runs on.)

BILLY. I can't find Valerie. I must see her before that crazy Spaniard tells her anything. *(To DAWSON.)* Where's Valerie?

DAWSON. Haven't seen her for half an hour. Where's the Count?

BILLY. He's running all over the place like a jack-rabbit.

(Enter DASHER and MRS. GAILY.)

MRS. GAILY. Are we late for the race?

(Loud shouting off stage.)

DAWSON. It's just over.

MRS. GAILY. I wonder who won.

(Noise of approaching party. DAWSON, MRS. GAILY and DASHER go up stage and look off in the direction of the voices. Enter MAIDS supporting BOUNDER, who is hardly able to walk. They take him up L. and he collapses. The YOUNG MEN and MIDDIES enter leading YOUNG SLIMSON, in a weak condition. They leave him at R. ALICE, MAUD and PHILLIS enter, in excitement.)

MRS. GAILY (indicating BOUNDER and SLIMSON). Which is the winner?

ALICE. Neither.

(BOUNDER and SLIMSON groan.)

BILLY. Then where is the winner?

(VALERIE enters carrying an oar.)

VALERIE. Here!

ALL. Valerie!

VALERIE. Valerie! (To BILLY.) You see I'm something of a sailor, myself.

No. 8. *Row, Little Girls.*

(VALERIE AND CHORUS.)

VALERIE.

The boys won't have it all their way,
As they've been used to do;
The day will come when little girls
Will row in the races too.
And when, with nice new cockle-shells,
All made on the latest plan,
We take our place
In the annual race,
Then beat us if you can!

VALERIE.

When bang! goes the signal,
It's row, little girls, then row!
The race is fast,
But we won't be last,
It's row, little girls, then row!

CHORUS.

When bang! goes the signal,
It's row, little girls, then row,
The race is fast,
But we (they) won't be last,
It's row, little girls, then row!

VALERIE.

We'll all have scrumptious rowing suits
In the very latest style;
And what we'll wear for boating-hats
Will hold you for a while.
And tho' the boys may lead us for
A hundred yards or so,
We'll win the heat,
For we'll look so sweet,
They'll all forget to row!

(Refrain as before and Dance.)

At conclusion, COUNT enters, breathless and seizes BILLY.)

COUNT. At last! Tr-r-r-aitor! I have you! *(All start in astonishment.)* Where is my Anita?

OMNES. Anita!

VALERIE *(reproachfully to BILLY)*. Anita! Oh, Billy, how could you!
(She goes to MRS. GAILY and weeps on her shoulder.)

COUNT. Yes, yes! My Anita! *(Points to BILLY.)* Ask heem!

DASHER *(sternly to BILLY)*. What have you to say, sir?

BILLY. Oh, nonsense! I will explain—

MRS. GAILY. Monster! Behold your work!

VALERIE *(with a show of weeping on MRS. GAILY's shoulder)*. Oh! Oh!

COUNT. Ah, ha! Shall I have my Anita now? My be-you-tee-ful Anita?

No. 9. FINALE: *"I Said I Would Explain."*

BILLY.

I said I would explain—

MRS. GAILY.

Don't tell us that again,
This tender heart you've broken quite!

VALERIE.

(on MRS. GAILY's *shoulder*). Boo-hoo!

BILLY.

But I can set it straight—

MRS. GAILY.

This maiden desolate,
I wonder you can bear the sight!

VALERIE.

Boo-hoo!

CHORUS.

Her tender heart you've broken quite,
Boo-hoo!
We wonder you can bear the sight,
Boo-hoo!

BILLY.

Just to listen for a moment I entreat her—

CHORUS.

Oh, for shame! Go talk to your Anita!

BILLY.

Oh, hang Anita!

GIRLS.

Oh!

BILLY.

Yes, hang Anita!

CHORUS.

Oh!

COUNT.

Now will you give her up to me?

BILLY to COUNT.

I'll make you smart for this, you'll see!

GIRLS.

We don't know this Anita,
But we'd rather like to meet her.

MEN.

We don't know this Anita,
But we'd rather like to meet her.

BILLY.

Now, I will here declare, if any of you doubt it,
She's mine! And that is all there is about it!

(He proceeds very gaily.)

Oh, Anita,
When you meet her,
You will say there was ne'er a completer
Senorita
Than Anita,
From the spicy Spanish Main!

CHORUS.

Oh, Anita,
When we meet her,
We will say there was ne'er a completer
Senorita
Than Anita,
From the spicy Spanish Main!

CHORUS. *(Girls only.)*

Oh, my! Oh, fie!
Won't you please tell us the reason why
You have deceived us and made us cry?

(The Girls pretend to cry.)

ALL.

We are annoyed, so away with you,
We would prefer not to play with you,
Or the gay Senorita
You call your Anita
From the spicy Spanish Main!

(BILLY is plainly sent to Coventry; the COUNT triumphant. VALERIE still weeps on MRS. GAILY's shoulder. DASHER is very stern and DAWSON looks on with amusement, together with ALICE, MAUD and PHILLIS.)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT I

THE MAID AND THE MIDDY

ACT II

SCENE: *Interior of Lakeville Club House. Usual assembly room of a suburban club. Wide entrance at C.*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN, *the Chorus of MAIDS, MIDDIES and YOUNG MEN are gathered round the piano, played by one of their number, singing as young people do on such occasions.*

NO. 10. ENSEMBLE: "*Now the Day is Over.*"

CHORUS.

Now the day is over and the evening comes apace;
We are going to celebrate the winning of the race.
Bright the lights are shining, brighter still is ev'ry eye,
Ev'rything is lovely and the goose hangs high!

We have roamed the meadows over, on the lawn we've revelled free,
We have taken our siesta in the shadow of the tree;
And we all have had our dinners and are ready for the play,
Bring along the fancy dancing, we are feeling very gay!

(The singers have left the piano and come down stage in orderly groups.)

Oh, this is an evening to dance and sing,
Laugh and make the echoes ring,
A suitable occasion for a little jubilee;
For summer is the time to pay,
And here we drive the blues away,
A glorious institution is the L. B. C.!

(They dance and at the conclusion, FITZ enters, very busy, followed by ALICE, MAUD, PHILLIS, SLIMSON and BOUNDER.)

FITZ. Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, it's nearly time for the vaudeville. Please save your voices for that.

ALICE. Oh, Fitzie, what's going to happen?

FITZ. Happen? Who knows what's going to happen at an amateur vaudeville show?

SLIMSON. If I'd known there was going to be music, I'd have brought the uke.

FITZ. The *what*?

SLIMSON. The uke; my ukelele.

BOUNDER. And I could have played "Good Night, Beloved" on the occarina.

FITZ (*throwing up his hands*). Good night! An "ok" and a "uke!"
I'm sorry, boys, but this is going to be an *entertainment*.

(SLIMSON and BOUNDER *exchange indignant glances and walk up the stage together in offended dignity*.)

MAUD (*bringing ALICE and PHILLIS down stage*). Oh, Fitzie, we've got a splendid sketch! We made it up ourselves.

FITZ. It's going to be good; I can see that. Is it funny?

MAUD. *Funny!* I should *say* so! Isn't it, girls?

ALICE. "Funny" isn't the word for it.

FITZ. I'm sure it isn't.

PHILLIS. It begins in a dungeon underneath a Spanish Castle—

ALICE. All three of us have been there for *years* and we are starving—

MAUD. And then I say: "Oh, girls, let us brighten our lives while we may. We have no food or drink, so we will dance and be gay," or something like that, you know.

ALICE. Then we do a perfectly *killing* song and dance. We made up the words ourselves.

FITZ. That sounds great. What's the tune?

MAUD. Oh, something snappy—like "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," because we're down *deep*, you see,—in the dungeon.

PHILLIS. We've got the *sweetest* costumes for it! Georgette crepe over blue—

ALICE (*annoyed*). No, Phillis, I told you I would *not* wear blue.

PHILLIS (*crossly*). Well, I'm going to wear pink—

FITZ. Ladies! ladies! Never mind, we can't give the sketch this evening.

MAUD (*indignant*). I'd like to know why not!

FITZ. Well, for one thing: we haven't any dungeon—

MAUD. That's nothing! We could make one. But I can see you don't want anything classy at your old entertainment. Come on, girls,—

(*They walk off together; at exit they speak in unison*.)

ALICE, MAUD and PHILLIS. Isn't he horrid!

(*They exeunt*.)

FITZ. Now, girls and boys, run along; we're going to use this room for the stage.

(FITZ *exits* and the Chorus go off singing.)

EXIT:

Oh, this is an evening to dance and sing,
Laugh and make the echoes ring, etc.

(*As the stage clears, MRS. GAILY and the COUNT enter.*)

MRS. GAILY. It was very brave of you, Count, to expose that young wretch, Billy, just in time.

COUNT. Ha! I am a br-r-rave man!

MRS. GAILY. But now tell me—who *is* Anita?

COUNT. Anita! She is a beautiful creature! She come from ze Spanish Isle, and she spik—ah! she have ze gr-r-r-rand language!

MRS. GAILY. Great talker, is she?

COUNT. Talk! She do nossing else! *Such* language! Ah!

(*He throws up his hands in a gesture of admiration.*)

MRS. GAILY. And why are you so much interested in her?

COUNT. Why not? She is mine—I have—*buy* her!

MRS. GAILY (*horrified*). Bought her! Monster!

COUNT. I pay ze ancient mariner many dollars for Anita, (MRS. GAILY *shudders*) and ze Billee, he come along and also pay many dollars—and he get her before I do. Look? I mean—see? Billee is a villain!

MRS. GAILY. You are both villains! Leave me!

COUNT (*expostulating*). But—but—but—

MRS. GAILY. I cannot endure you another minute. It is very painful to learn that Spanish noblemen are in the habit of buying and selling their fellow-creatures? Leave me!

COUNT (*puzzled*). “Fellow-creatures!” What does ze lady mean? (MRS. GAILY *points dramatically toward exit, R.*) Very good, I leave you.. (*He goes to the exit, stops and taps his head.*) Ah, ze Americanos!

(*He taps his head again, nods and exits. MRS. GAILY stands with her arm outstretched. DASHER enters L. and is much interested to see what MRS. GAILY is pointing at, shading his eyes, mariner fashion, and gazing off to R. MRS. GAILY does not see him until he speaks.*)

DASHER. Beg pardon, but I don't see a thing.

MRS. GAILY (*letting her arm drop suddenly*). Oh, it's you, Captain.
(*She laughs.*) Don't mind me; I was rehearsing.

DASHER. Capital! Very dramatic!

MRS. GAILY. Thank you. You know we are having an entertainment this evening.

DASHER. Very kind of you.

MRS. GAILY. And an impromptu fancy-dress party. Mr. Dawson sent to town this afternoon for the costumes. I hope they have come.

(*DAWSON appears at the door, C., unperceived by the others. He is dressed in a very queer Scotch kilt costume and presents a ridiculous appearance of which he is obviously conscious. MRS. GAILY continues speaking to DASHER without seeing DAWSON.*)
Isn't Mr. Dawson sweet!

(*As she speaks, she and DASHER turn to go up stage and see DAWSON who stands at C., looking very foolish.*)

MRS. GAILY (*continuing*). Oh, Mr. Dawson! The costumes *have* come. We were afraid they wouldn't.

DAWSON (*coming down, very ill at ease*). I wish they hadn't! (*He looks at his costume with disgust.*) You made me do this.

MRS. GAILY. I just love fancy dress.

DAWSON. Well, this is fancy, all right.

MRS. GAILY. You look lovely! Doesn't he, Captain?

DASHER (*laughing boisterously*). Haw, haw, haw, haw!

DAWSON (*annoyed*). Look here! I may be funny, but I'm not so funny as that.

MRS. GAILY (*going with DASHER to the exit, R.*) Never mind, Mr. Dawson. We'll get Captain Dasher into a fancy costume—fancier than yours.

(*She and DASHER laugh and exeunt, R.*)

DAWSON (*in disgust*). "Fancier than mine!" There *isn't* anything fancier than mine!

(*He exits at L., ALICE, MAUD and PHILLIS enter at C., followed by MAIDS, all excited.*)

ALICE. Did you see that Spanish girl on the veranda?

MAUD. Yes, but I couldn't see her face. Who is she?

PHILLIS. Sh-h-h-h! I think it's—sh-h-h-h!—Anita!

OMNES. Anita!

(*Entrance music for VALERIE; CHORUS separate, R. and L., leaving C. door clear. VALERIE enters in Spanish costume, with mantilla concealing her face. She is very mysterious.*)

VALERIE (*her face concealed*). Ah-h-h? (*Looks about.*) Ah-h-h? (*The MAIDS draw back as though afraid.*) So-o-o! You are afraid of me! (*She clicks castanets which she holds in her left hand.*) Pouf! I blow you away! (*Music continues pp.*) I come from Andalusia, land of r-r-revenge! Where is she—she you call Valerie? (*She draws a stiletto from her belt.*) I have—something for her!

ALICE (*terrified*). We don't know where Valerie is—do we, girls?

OMNES. No, indeed!

VALERIE. Well, then—I do!

OMNES. Where?

VALERIE (*throwing back her mantilla*). Right here! (*She laughs.*) Pretty good Spaniard, eh, girls?

MAUD (*relieved*). A pretty bad Spaniard. We thought you were Anita.

VALERIE. No, I'm Juan-ita, (*Wan-eeta*) lonely Juanita, waiting for the faithless lover. Listen.

NO. II. SONG: *When the Manzanita Blooms Again.*

(VALERIE AND CHORUS.)

VALERIE.

Down the western slope of Shasta,
In the Vale of Never-Fear,
There the dark, sad-eyed Juanita
Dreams away the silent year.
When her roving lover left her,
Soft she sighed: "Ah, come to me
When the blossoms next are showing
On the Manzanita tree."

Refrain.

VALERIE (*with humming Chorus.*)

"Though each hour is like a day in passing,
And the days go slowly, one by one,
Still my patient heart will fondly number
Ev'ry setting of the laggard sun.
I will count the moons that rise o'er Shasta,
I will watch them as they slowly wane;
In the valley you will find me waiting
When the Manzanita blooms again."

VALERIE.

Down the western slope of Shasta
Many golden suns have set;
In the valley old Juanita
Waits her wand'ring lover yet.
And she whispers ev'ry nightfall:
"He will surely come to me
When the blossoms next are showing
On the Manzanita tree."

(*Refrain as before and all exeunt; DAWSON enters from opposite side.*)

DAWSON. Ever since I put on this costume I have had a yearning to
be alone; but there isn't a solitary spot on the place.

(*BILLY has entered in time to hear the last words.*)

BILLY. Oh, yes there is.

DAWSON. Where?

BILLY. Wherever I am. They all dodge me as though I had the plague.

DAWSON. That's on account of Anita.

BILLY (*angry*). Anita! I'd like to wring her neck!

DAWSON. You bloodthirsty young scoundrel!

BILLY. Thanks. I'm being appreciated today. But listen. If
Valerie says the word, I'll give Anita up to the Spaniard. He really
did buy her, too, you know.

DAWSON (*gasping*). Bought her! When? Where?

BILLY. Oh, over in Spain. At least, he thought he'd bought her, but
I cut in and got her away from him. He has a fad for collecting
them, you see. That's why he's chasing me about.

DAWSON. You young villain!

BILLY. Anita is really a good one. Has a vocabulary of one hundred
and eighty-seven words—

DAWSON. Well, of all the abandoned ruffians—I shall see your Captian at once!

BILLY. Oh, I've made it all right with him. He quite approves.

DAWSON. Approves!

BILLY. Why not? I came by her honestly. I treat her well. She's here in the Club-house now.

DAWSON. Dreadful! I'll get an officer and go to her rescue.

BILLY. Better let her alone. She's rather ugly and will call you names.

DAWSON. This is outrageous! I shall go for her at once.

(He starts away.)

BILLY *(calling after him)*. Oh, Mr. Dawson! She bites! *(DAWSON exits.)* I can see his finish if he goes monkeying with Anita.

(Enter VALERIE, her face covered with her mantilla.)

VALERIE *(with a foreign accent)*. Sir, I am looking for a young man named—Billee.

BILLY *(taking hold of her mantilla)*. And I am looking for a young lady named—Valerie! *(He throws back the mantilla)*. Did you think you could fool me? I'd know your voice if I heard it in—er—in—

VALERIE. In Spain? Where the "Anitas" come from?

BILLY. Oh, bother Anita!

VALERIE. With all my heart; she has been bothering us all day.

BILLY. Well, then, I'm going to bring Anita here and—she'll explain everything.

VALERIE. Good; if she can do that, you and I will be friends again.

BILLY. It means a lot to a sailor to have friends ashore.

VALERIE. I suppose you have friends in every foreign port.

BILLY. Yes, but they aren't like the friends at home. Just think of being on the other side of the earth and then getting the word that we are squaring away for the U. S. A! Hurrah!

VALERIE. Homeward bound! Hurrah!

NO. 12. · SONG: *Homeward Bound.*

(VALERIE AND BILLY.)

BILLY.

Swing the capstain round and round;

VALERIE.

Heave away, my hearties!

BILLY.

Fair away and homeward bound,

VALERIE.

Heave away, my hearties!

BILLY.

The ship is trim, and the hatches fast,
We're off for home again!

VALERIE.

There's a lass a-waving on the pier—

BILLY.

Good-bye to you, my Betsy dear,
We're off for home again!

BOTH.

We're off for home again,
And soon we'll see the shores of fair Columbia!

BILLY AND VALERIE.

So it's one, two, three,
We are off to sea,
And the wind is a-piping fair and free;
Good-bye, my lass, and dry your eye,
For we'll be back to you by and by!
Oh, the tropic shores
Of the gay Azores,
Is a place that the sailor boy adores,
But he'll be true
To his own land too,
For that is the way on the ocean blue!

(During this refrain, an octet of MIDDIES and MAIDS have entered and the refrain is repeated by all.)

II.

VALERIE.

Here's to me and here's to you;

BILLY.

Heave away, my hearties!

VALERIE.

Jack's a boy that's always true,

BILLY.

Heave away, my hearties!

VALERIE.

His hand is rough but his heart is soft,
He loves his native land;

BILLY.

Oh, the ocean free is home to me—

VALERIE.

But ev'ry port is good to see,
Hurrah! for ev'ry land!

BOTH.

Hurrah! for ev'ry land!

And one good extra cheer for fair Columbia!

(Repeat refrain as before. Sailor's Hornpipe by VALERIE and BILLY, in which all join on the repeat, and exeunt. Enter EVANS and FITZ from L. and SLIMSON from R. SLIMSON carries a ukelele.)

SLIMSON. Well, I'm ready.

EVANS. Ready for what?

SLIMSON. Ready to play. *(He displays the ukelele.)* I borrowed this from the cook.

EVANS. All right. *(He leads SLIMSON to the door, R.)* You wait right out there. We'll let you know when we want you.

SLIMSON *(anxiously)*. But when do you think you'll want me?

EVANS. Ah, my boy, that's one of the things you never can be sure of in amateur vaudeville.

(EVANS pushes SLIMSON off. Voices and laughter are heard. Enter MRS. GAILY, FITZ, DASHER, DAWSON, ALICE, MAUD and PHILLIS, together with the MAIDS, MIDDIES and YOUNG MEN. All are grouped about the stage, some seated, others standing at the sides leaving the stage and C. entrance clear.)

MAUD *(haughtily to EVANS)*. We are willing to overlook your rudeness and do our sketch, if you insist.

EVANS. The dungeon sketch? We *don't* insist.

MAUD. The dungeon isn't *absolutely* necessary. A cave would do.

EVANS. I'm sorry, Miss Maud, but we haven't a cave in the house.
Some other time, perhaps—

ALICE. Never mind, Maud; it's their loss. (*To EVANS.*) I suppose there's no objection to our remaining for your so-called entertainment?

EVANS. Delighted. It's just beginning. (*He addresses the company.*)
Ladies and gentlemen, I invite your attention—

(*All begin an animated conversation, their voices increasing in volume.*)
EVANS is exasperated.)

(*He speaks loudly.*) Ladies and gentlemen! (*The talking ceases.*)
Please! You might, at least, save your conversation till the music begins!

(*Introduction for the next number. Enter CHILDREN OF THE SNOW.*)

NO. 13. CHORUS AND DANCE: *Children of the Snow.*

(OCTET OF GIRLS.)

When up in the winter sky
Snowy little, blowy little snow-flakes fly
When Jack Frost, with merry wit,
Nips your little nose a little bit,
Then we put our mittens on,
Merry little, cheery little snow-bells don,
Skip and lark with dance and song,
Happy as the day is long.

Refrain.

Chink-a, Chink-a,
Pillie-willie-wink-a,
Children of the Snow,
We mark the time
With a silver chime,
When the stormy winds do blow.
Chink-a, chink-a,
Pillie-willie-wink-a,
Children of the Snow,
We dance and sing
Like anything,
When the stormy winds do blow!

II.

Timid ones their houses keep,
Shivering and quivering and half asleep;
While the frosty music swells,
Ringle and the jingle of the bells.
But the Children of the Snow
Never mind the winter wind we'd have you know;
Skip and lark with dance and song,
Happy as the day is long!

(*Refrain repeated as before; Dance and exeunt. SLIMSON enters from R.*)

SLIMSON. Well, I'm ready.

EVANS. Ready for what?

SLIMSON. Ready to play.

EVANS. Oh, yes, of course. (*He leads SLIMSON to exit, R.*) You stay right out there and we'll let you know when *we're* ready.

(*EVANS pushes SLIMSON off as before. Introduction for next number. Enter LIBERTY BATTALION.*)

NO. 14. MARCHING SONG: *The Flag.*

(*The Battalion marches on in military formation and during the song engages in march movements. Each singer is equipped with an American flag.*)

LIBERTY BATTALION.

We love the flags that are flying free,
The Union Jack and Colors Three,
The emblem of Italia's pride
That floats in beauty by their side;
But dear to all is the banner brave,
That first to us our freedom gave:
The Stars and Stripes—long may they wave,
All glorious evermore!

Refrain.

Where'er Old Glory flies
Freedom lives and never dies;
Beneath her folds forever dwells
Sweet Liberty.
And cheer, oh, comrades cheer,
Cheer again those colors dear,
The starry Flag that waves
For you and me!

II.

The stripes of red are for courage strong,
Its white is pure, unstained by wrong,
Its blue is blue as skies above,
And ev'ry star we dearly love.
This banner proud of the brave and free
Shall ever stand for Right's decree,
Has ever been and still shall be
All glorious evermore!

(*All repeat refrain; Liberty Battalion exeunt. Enter SLIMSON. He does not get a chance to speak, as EVANS again pushes him off, R. DASHER rises and looks at his watch.*)

DASHER (to MRS. GAILY). Nearly twelve. We have a pleasant custom at sea, when midnight—aw—overtakes us at any social function in the—aw—mess-room, of pledging—aw—"Sweethearts and Wives."

MRS. GAILY. How gallant! Why not pledge them now?

DASHER. We will! Eh, my lads?

MIDDIES. Ay, ay, sir! "Sweethearts and Wives!"

OMNES. "Sweethearts and Wives!"

NO. 15. SONG AND CHORUS: *Sweethearts and Wives.*

(DASHER, MIDDIES AND CHORUS.)

DASHER.

The sailor may travel to distant lands
As on his way he goes;
The wonders are many on foreign strands,
As ev'ry traveler knows.
But deep in his rugged and briny heart
The sailor somehow contrives
To keep a warm little spot apart
For Sweethearts and Wives!

Refrain.

DASHER.

Oh, the mess-lights glow
In the watch below,
As the witching hour arrives;
Each fond heart swells
As it strikes eight bells—

(*Pause: 8 bells strikes.*)

And we pledge "Sweethearts and Wives!"

(MIDDIES repeat.)

II.

DASHER.

I've none of your graces and airs polite,
 My calling is on the sea;
 The mode and the style of the carpet-knight
 You never will find in me.
 But whether off this or the Barbary coast,
 The custom with us survives,
 When midnight sounds to propose the toast:
 To "Sweethearts and Wives!"

(Refrain repeated by all, who, at the close of the song, resume their seats.)

NOTE: More special features can be here introduced, if desired.

(When the "specialties" are over, the COUNT enters still excited.)

COUNT. Where is zat Billee?

DAWSON. Haven't I heard that before?

COUNT. I want to make of heem ze fr-r-r-ragments! I am a tiger!
(He walks back and forth excitedly.)

DAWSON. You are a nuisance!

COUNT. I will have ze Billee!

(BILLY and VALERIE enter, C.)

BILLY. All right, here he is.

COUNT. At last! Where is my Anita?

VALERIE. Be calm, Count. Billy will explain about Anita.

BILLY. I have sent for her; she shall explain for herself. *(He goes toward the exit, R.)* She ought to be here now. *(Attendant enters and whispers to BILLY.)* Good! She's here.

(He runs off, followed by Attendant.)

VALERIE. We have all misjudged Billy. He is going to give up Anita to the Count.

COUNT. Yes, yes, but where *is* she?

VOICE OF PARROT *(off)*. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll! Polly put the kettle on! Get out with your crackers! Polly wants an auto!

COUNT. Anita! I know ze voice!

(BILLY enters with a Parrot.)

BILLY (to COUNT). Here take your Anita. She just took a bite out of my finger. (*Puts the Parrot in COUNT's hands.*) I've gone out of the bird business.

VALERIE. And all this comes of "Half a day ashore."

No. 16. FINALE: *Blow, Winds, Blow!*

OMNES.

Blow, winds, blow,
As you never have blown before:
And blow us (them) straight
To the maids that wait
For the Middies to come ashore!

(*Repeat till curtain.*)

END OF OPERETTA



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